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The Dragonfly's Story



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Chapter 1 by Brock Thompson

When I was little and still too innocent to understand the world though my big happy eyes, I had a conversation with a dragonfly that had been sitting on a reed. He was really nice, but he acted like he was an old man, talking about how his hip hurt and telling me all about his granddaughter and that maybe I had met her.

This memory had been put away in my mind, tucked deep in the folds of my childhood until a person brought it all back.

I was sitting in my favorite coffee shop in New York, New York, when a young man about my age approached me. He had a rugged look, as if was an outdoors man or a big hunter.

I didn't notice him, lost in my book as I was, until he sat down across from me.

His face had the same look that a child's face has when you agree to playing with him. Excited, happy, innocent. But there was something more. It was wisdom, experience of the world, that caught me off guard.

"Hi," he said brightly. "I'm the dragonfly."

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Chapter 2 by MochaMilk

"Dragonfly?" I asked still not

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ing a lunatic was to avoid eye-contact. "I have nothing special about dragonflies"

I lied. I took a sip of my coffee.

"Come on Gwendolyn, you couldn't have forgotten."

I start coughing and choking on my coffee. "Just call me Gwen." No one fully knows my name. I just go by Gwen, never understood why my parents would put -dolyn at the end. It made everyone confused, surprisingly.

"I knew you didn't forget." The guy in front of me smirked. His eyes staring at mine happily, as mine stared back confused.

"Who are you? Did my parents send you here? Is this some kind of joke?"

"Joke? What horrible human would do that to such an innocent little girl."

"Woman. Not a little girl anymore, you would have known that if you didn't disappear."

"You can't blame me for that?"

I grabbed my bag and said sternly, "You flew away when I needed you the most." I walked away from my seat, as I noticed he did the same. Was this dragonfly going to follow me?

Chapter 3 by XOXkitkatXOX



"But I'm here now!" he exclaimed, pushing the door that I threw closed on him open. "You won't have to worry about me leaving this time! I'll be with you forever! And this time I'm human, too!"

I walked to the edge of the sidewalk and looked both sides. I had to learn the hard way to do that. My parents never cared about me, they threw me out the second I woke up. I wore the same clothes everyday, rarely ate breakfast, lunch, OR dinner. I learned to fend for myself at a very young age.

The one time I needed the dragonfly, he had to go 'take care of some business'. I had to run away from home all by myself, I never had any help from anyone since then.

"Look, 'Mr. Dragonfly', you need to leave me alone. I doubt you were a dragonfly at one time, and even if you were, you left me when I needed you! I specifically told you to come with me! I told you 'We could pursue our dreams! We can get a new family!' But no, you had to take care of

some important business' and that you'll need me there! I screamed, gulping in a humongous amount of air. I ran into the street again.

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Boy was that a mistake. He

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Chapter 1 by Gwendolyn



As the semi growled in front of me, time slowed down. The honk of the horn, the screech of the tires, all muted somehow. Even my scream hit the air with all the impact of sudden silence. I threw my arms up in front of my face, instinctively doubling over, unable to move out of the way of the metal monster coming at me.

A soft buzzing resonated through the air, growing louder with each passing second; I was sure it was the engine, and I closed my eyes, bracing myself against the coming impact.

"Mmph!" I lost all my air as a soft, warm force ran into me. I felt my feet lift off the ground. 'Is this what death feels like?' I asked myself. If it was, it wasn't so bad. I slowly opened my eyes and gasped in astonishment.

"You--," I couldn't believe my eyes. The Dragonfly man was carrying me high above the skyscrapers; the people mingling below us were just ants. We had not gone unnoticed, I noted, peering down at the upturned faces and blameful fingers.

"Yes?" His almost playful voice interrupted my thoughts. I looked back at him, fearful, angry and confused.

"How are we doing this? How are YOU doing this--" and then I saw them.

Past his playful smirk, past the twinkling green blue of his irises, past the shiny blue sheen of his dark hair, were long, iridescent wings.

I squinted my eyes against the air, trying to get a better look at the flitting, buzzing appendage before me. It was unmistakable. Though not dissimilar to the quick movements of a hummingbird's wing, in those moments when we glided through air, softly spiraling downward, I drank in the sight of the paper thin, veined membranes.

"So beautiful..." I whispered to myself. I reached out over my rescuer's shoulder, aching to touch one.

"Don't!" He shouted. I retracted my arm instantly, frightened by the low growl that followed.

"Would you rather us crash and have my flight be for nothing?" His eyes--also possessing that same iridescence, I noticed--flashed with irritation.

"No, I'm sorry." I hung my head in shame. Suddenly, my own wave of annoyance took hold. How was it possibly fair that he was snapping at me? "You should have told me that you could fly! I want to be put down! Right now, Dragon!"

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I clung to him, even knowing that he must be causing my fear intentionally.

Fifty feet.

A piercing scream left my lips, and my heart froze in my throat as the cold, hard earth, rose to meet us and bring us most certainly to our deaths.

Chapter 5 by Jessica



I screamed louder as the ground grew closer, this was the end, the real end, no avoiding it this time, I'm done, going down with a bang.

"Whoosh" We're suddenly lifted again and land on the ground safely. I become self-conscious of the dragonfly's hands wrapped around my waist, I feel my cheeks colour as I step away from him.

"Yes it is rather cold and windy up there." Said the Dragonfly Man, mistaking my blushing for cold cheeks, not wanting him to know I murmur

"M-hmm, it is a bit." I look up at him and remember why I was in this mess in the first place, "Now will you stop following me?"

I regret the words as soon as I see the hurt look on his face, "Sorry." He mumbled,

"Well you should be!" I shout, angry again, "after you left:-" I broke off sobbing. People had formed a circle around us, we had caused quite a scene, what with the flying and all.

Chapter 6 by Dasha Khyzhko



I purposefully tried to end this adventure without facing the situation up. My common sense made me follow the algorithm of untouchable one. Somehow I desperately wanted to get home and settle down into my comfortable routine pretending that I haven't left the ground in dragonfly's arms.

But I understood that it wouldn't work out. People saw me up in the sky. It meant that they also saw dragonfly. Finally, it meant that I would never turn back to my coffee in the mornings

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When I was going back, there is nobody left. I calmed myself with the thought that my imagination was the reason of all that happened. But I knew that it wasn't. Probably because of the smell I remembered from the childhood when I had that conversation with dragonfly.

Chapter 7 by SaintSayaka



I stood there, quite alone and quite stupid. I had lost my temper, that much was for sure. But I couldn't not be mad at the dragonfly that had made my life a living hell just by the principle of his absence.

He was supposed to take me away. We were going to see so many things. His grandchild. His daughter. Reeds on the other side of the bank. I was going to live in the woods, and be happy.

But instead, here I am in the city, trying to run away from my problems. And him coming back is just another one to deal with.

The sidewalk begins to fill up once again with new people, people who either could not recognize me at such a height or have no idea who I am and do not care to. I am jostled around as I stand in the middle of the concrete, staring upwards. People must think that I'm a freak, or a tourist. Right now, I feel like a tourist in my own body.

"Do you want to know what business took me away from you?" I turn around, startled by the intrusion of my own thoughts. Mr. Dragon stands there, no show of emotion on his face other than that familiar twinkle in his eye.

"It was becoming this, for you."

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